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JUNE 1921

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THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper By the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

June, Nineteen Hundred Twenty One

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THE ACROPOLIS

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Associate Editor—HARLAN S. DE VOE
Business Manager—BARNARD SICHEL

LITERATURE ..... Stuart Blodgett, Ch., Clement Golden, Catherine Williams, Eleanor Reynolds, Willard Cummins, Julius Yadkowsky, Ethel Dodge

PERSONALS ..... Anne Bishop, Ch., Robert Mezger, Kathryn Elkins, Elizabeth De Voe

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FACULTY ..... Mr. Morris L. Barr, Literary Adviser; Mr. George W. Stone, Treasurer

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Circulation Manager ..... WM PERR

Ass't Business Managers.. MARGARET DURAN, GWINNELL COIT, W. REEVE

NEWARK, N. J., JUNE, 1921

TO DANTE.

Dante! "l'altissimo poeta" born
The child of genius by the Muses blest,
Whose fame throughout the world has stood the test
Of six long centuries, your death we mourn.
The evils of humanity to scorn
You held, your purpose high to show the best
Mankind could rise unto, to earn the rest
Eternal, and the crown by martyrs worn.
A spirit pure and holy led you on,
From deepest grief to highest joys unknown
To mortals; but your road was cut through Hell
Abhorred; you were purged and bore it well
In Purgatory's flames, then you were shown
The Fountain of All Light on Wisdom's throne.

PETER ROSAMILIA.

DANTE ISSUE

This is the *"Dante Issue"* of the ACROPOLIS. The Acropolis is proud that it can do something in honor of the Devine Poet. The following bulletin, issued by the United States Commissioner of Education, expresses very clearly and concisely why it is fitting for us to do this.

THE DANTE SEX-CENTENARY.

1321-1921.

The year 1921 brings the six-hundredth anniversary of the death of Dante. This year the nations of the civilized world will join in paying grateful tribute to a poet whose work is a common heritage.

That a mediævalist should call forth the homage of the twentieth century to the extent of being honored in all civilized lands by peoples living under civilizations utterly different from that which he knew and by nations which for the most part do not know the language in which he wrote, is a marvel explainable only on the grounds of his supreme genius. Because he saw humanity *sub specie aeternitatis,* his influence reaches around the world and across the centuries. As Poet, he offers still the wonder of his vision, the echoing harmony of his verse, the profound insight of his human sympathy. As Apostle, he utters still a message rich in counsel for this modern world, a message that clarifies and quickens, that inspires and makes resolute.

As Commissioner of Education, I am urging that colleges, universities, normal schools and other schools commemorate in a fitting and worthy way the sixth centenary of the Poet's death. This can be done by making this centenary year the occasion for a wider and deeper study of his works, through study classes and public meetings; lectures, singly or in series; readings; exhibitions of books by Dante or on Dante; and displays of Dante portraits, works of art derived from Dante, and pictures of his Italy. It is especially suggested that the three parts of the Divine Comedy, the Inferno, the Purgatory, and the Paradise be read either in the original or in translation. Among the better and more accessible English translations are those by Carey, Kuhns, Longfellow and Norton, and the translations by Carlyle and others printed on alternate pages with the original in the small Temple Classics edition.

Reading clubs for the study of the Divine Comedy and others of Dante's works may well be formed in every city, town and village.

The National Dante Committee, 23 West 43d Street, New York City, will gladly respond to inquiries for information and suggestions.

Yours sincerely,

P. P. CLAXTON, *Commissioner.*

HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL.

4A Room 51. Mary Margaret Barr, Stuart Blodgett, Virginia Vliet.
Room 55. Frances Kolodin, Helen Finn, Bertha Gordinier, Marian Knight, Ida Lewis, Emma Ziegler.

4B Room 83. Imre Domonkos.
Room 42. John A. Hammond, Harlan De Voe, Myrtle Loder.

3A Room 25. Lawrence Burgyes, Joseph Flanagan, Roland Heyer, Fairlie McNear, Thelma Ruffkess, Henry Venus.
Room 59. Louise Alberts, Anna Schwartz, Helen Mawha, Percy Olton.

3B Room 35. Sylvia Ruffkess, Mabel Walters.
Room 43. Angelo Rosamilia, Benjamin Shill, Helen Wall, Elias Zwillman.
Room 61. Philip Freda.

2A Room 56. Kelvin Krist, Dorothy Olton, Clarence Stephan, Marie Welsh.
Room 82. John Single, Eleanor Wilsey.

2B Room 26. Anna Feig, Louis Kessler, Wesley Mapletoft.
Room 50. Jennie Weiss, Anna Frey.

1A Room 59. Joseph Weintraub.
Room 81. Blair Birdsall, Warren Condit, Wheeler Coult, Gilbert Crogan, Samuel Owen..
Room 91. Clara Rosenstein, Rowland Reeve.
Room 63. Ernest Meiters.

1B Room 3. Leonard Tushnet.
Room 60. Adam Alvine.
Room 86. William Warrender.
Room 92. Maria Seiper, Charles Hart, Richard Johnson, Ward Abbott, Dorothy Bishop.
Room 93. Florence Freda.

OMITTED FROM MARCH HONOR ROLL.

4B Room 42. Mildred Kirk, Robert Metcalfe, Thatcher Ayres, Myrtle Loder, Peter Rosamilia.

3A Room 37. Elizabeth Barnett.

1A Room 59. Joseph Weintraub.
Room 83. Esther Slade.
Room 3. Solomon Goloatsky, Sam E. Silber, Leonard Tushnet.

LOOKING BACK AS SENIORS SEE IT.

It is pleasant to recall our High School life. Just look back and recall some of the happenings: Do you remember when Mr. —— sent Blank to the office for continued talking in class and do you remember the punishment that "Pop" meted out to him? Do you remember the famous poetess of the class, who thought "it" rhymed with "was"? Do you remember those terrible eraser battles in 45? Do you remember the good times we used to have up in 87? Do you remember—enough, there are a lot of them and now that they are all over, don't you like to laugh at them? Yes we had good times in Barringer.

"ONORATE L'ALTISSIMO POETA"

DANTE—A WORLD POET.

By Anna Federici.

Some time in 1921 occurs the six-hundredth anniversary of the death of the man whom literary critics have agreed to call one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of poets. The world does not know the exact date, but it does make it its duty even six hundred years after Dante's death to commemorate the event. During these six hundred years, Dante's "Divina Commedia" has become the heritage of mankind..

Italy has made extensive plans, which include a new edition of Dante's works, the engraving of a portrait to be given to every school child, and the restoration of churches and houses connected with Dante's life. The same spirit is manifest throughout Europe. All European countries, as well as Japan, are planning ceremonies to commemorate the death of Italy's greatest poet.

America's genuine interest in Dante is well known. She is planning to commemorate the centenary through her Italy-America Society and the Dante Memorial Association. The works of such noted scholars as Charles Eliot Norton, Longfellow and Lowell vouch for the American love for Dante. But, here in America, the best monument to Dante, after Longfellow's translation, is the Dante Library at Cornell. This library was collected by Professor Willard Fiske and its catalogue lists twelve thousand titles of editions of Dante and works relating to him. It is to Longfellow, however, that the American who wishes to know Dante turns. For Longfellow set himself the task of translating the "Divina Commedia." A group of his literary friends formed themselves into the Dante Club of Cambridge, to assist him in this work. James Russell Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Oliver Wendell Holmes and many others gave their time and attention to this purpose. Longfellow's translation has been acknowledged as a magnificent contribution to the Dante literature of the world. Among other great men who have honored Dante are Gladstone, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, and Tennyson. It is little wonder that literary geniuses of all ages are found contributing to the Dante literature, for Dante is more than the poet of a single nation—he is a World Poet.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

No Life of Dante is complete without the story of Beatrice. Dante first met her when she was nine years old, and he but little older. Her dress, on that day, he tells us, was a subdued crimson, her beauty of surpassing loveliness. From that day forth her image was always with him.

In the *Vita Nuova,* the *New Life,* the book in which he records the influence of Beatrice over him, Dante tells us that not until nine years later did he see Beatrice for the second time. Her greeting to him then was so courteous and so sweet that he seemed to behold the very limits of bliss. He followed her, content to sit at a distance and watch her. But his intent, loving gaze attracted attention of others; and, to misdirect them, he feigned love for a lady whom he called "the screen of truth" and wrote verses in her honor. Beatrice misunderstood the amatory verses to the screen lady and denied Dante her salutation. Such was Beatrice's power over the poet that when she saluted him, he stood helpless and passive. "Then," he says, "there was no man mine enemy." Deprived of her salutation, and fearing that she would die, he became melancholy and ill. So stunned was he by her untimely death that his life was despaired of. "Yet, if his Lady's home above was Heaven, on earth she filled his soul."

Dante Gabriel Rosetti, the English poet, who bears the name of the greater Italian, thus speaks in one of his poems:

"It is my trust, as the years fall,
To write more worthily of her
Who, now being made God's minister,
Looks on His visage and knows all.
Such was the hope that love did blend
With grief's slow fires to make an end."

Of the *New Life,* his youth's dear book, adding thereto:

"In such trust
I labour, and believe I must
Accomplish this which my soul took
In charge, if God, my Lord and hers,
Leave my life with me a few years."

The trust which he had borne was at length accomplished. He had written worthily:

"Yea, even of her; no rhymes uncouth
'Twixt tongue and tongue; but by God's aid
The first words Italy had said."

The result of his labor was *The Divine Comedy,* in which he wrote of Beatrice as no other woman has ever been written of. It was the lovely Beatrice who first left her high Heaven and came down to Virgil to ask for Dante's guidance through Inferno and Purgatorio. It was Beatrice who came to the peak of Purgatorio to guide Dante through Paradiso.

In Terrestrial Paradise, Beatrice appears to Dante, saying, "Look at me well; in sooth, I am Beatrice."

But before he enters Paradise, Dante must first bathe in the rivers Lethe and Eunoe, the one to cleanse him of his sorrows, the other to make clear his dreams. Thus Longfellow, in

one of his sonnets, speaks of the meeting of these two:

"With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its splendors came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.
Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Eunoe—the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace."

THE DANTE MEMORIAL ALCOVE.

The whole school has noted with pleasure the Dante memorial alcove recently furnished by the Italian Club. The bust of the great world-poet, a copy of the bronze in Florence, is set against rich folds of brocade drapery of black and gold. On either side of the bust are old green-and-gold candlesticks, with candles of Florentine blue. And then there are the books—a rare edition of "La Divina Commedia," illustrated by Dore, and "Vita Nuova," in Italian; several books in English by Dante scholars dealing with his life and works—and the history of his century. There are also some books of travel in Italy, and three volumes of classic Italian literature, Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi" and "Memorie di un Ottuagenario," gifts of Lena Fusco, member of the Italian Club.

The money used to furnish the alcove, one hundred dollars, was set aside by the Club last year, after the highly successful presentation of the drama, "Un Curioso Accidente," which earned for the Club money and praise, for this lofty purpose. It has been well spent. The alcove is artistically and intellectually attractive. Barringer High School is truly proud of it, and renders grateful praise and thanks for it to the Italian Club.

THE DANTE COMMEMORATION—MAY 17.

Poetry, music and flowers were the elements composing the exercises which marked the commemoration of the six-hundredth anniversary of the greatest epic-poet of Christianity, Dante Alighieri. Before a background of Tuscan blue, set off by the ruddier hue of flag-lilies, the proud flower of his native Florence, praise was voiced to him, and appreciation, and music. Music such as he fancied he heard in the celestial spheres—the "Ave Maria" that Cherubini composed for the angelic choir; the "Requiem Mass" by Verdi, which some one described as "the voice that, rising above earthly mourning, expresses joy eternal and perfect peace." Sgambati's "Minuetto Vecchio" and Padre Martini's "Gavotta" in their lightness and grace can well be associated with the sonnets of Dante's "Vita Nuova." Masterfully were all the selections rendered, and with a delicacy of interpretation which charmed the audience. The spoken program, presided over by Emma Ziegler, consisted, first, of the life of Dante, compiled and rendered by Imre Domonkos and Arthur Hyman; the former telling of Dante's birth in Florence, in 1265, his education, his literary tendencies; his political environment, the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, ever harrassing his beloved Florence—the final defeat of his faction, and his accusation and exile.

Arthur Hyman unfolded the later history of the grief-stricken patriot—his wanderings, his despair; his final triumph over earthly trials—his turning to the intellectual and spiritual task of bettering mankind by the writing of an epic of sustained grandeur which should demonstrate the hideousness of sin and the glory of virtue. The Divina Commedia was the result—the literary monument that through six centuries has been held to be, and still is, one of the highest achievements of the human intellect.

Miriam Klein then told the story of Beatrice, the guiding light of Dante's life, and of his spiritual influence over him and his works. He sings her praise in many a sonnet of his "Vita Nuova," and one of these, in its English paraphrasing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "My lady carries love within her eyes," was rendered by Miriam Hoffman, and directly afterward, in its original Italian, by Lillian Rizzolo. Miriam Kolbe completed that part of the program by reciting that part of Carlyle's essay on Heroes and Hero-worship that describes the portrait of Dante.

Pete Rosamilia, in the name of the Italian Club, then presented to the school the bronze cast of Dante Alighieri. He expressed the hope that it might serve to keep present in the minds of the pupils the glory of striving for those perfections of soul that are the aim of all noble natures, great in mind and deep in understanding.

Miss Coult, in Mr. Stearns' absence, accepted the bust, thanking the Italian Club, and making a plea to the school to let the bust serve to arouse in them a keener appreciation for literature and good books.

A musical selection closed the program, so pleasing that the student body stood and conveyed their thanks by applause to the trio of Italian musicians who had afforded them so much enjoyment.

And the exercises were over, but a little of the beauty, loftiness and dignity of the eternal poet's spirit had found a place in the students' responsive souls.

Literature

BEATRICE

By DOROTHY STONE

Beautiful sunny Italy in summer, where the sun shone bright from a sky of blue and the blue sea curled its breakers on the golden sands, where the roses bloomed in a little garden, and the birds sang—into this land of dreams came Jim Lawrence with his handsome, happy, winsome ways. Young and full of hope, he came, determined to place on canvas such pictures as would bring his name into high fame. It was for this that he had come from America to the land of which he had always dreamed—of whose beauty he had read from childhood. Something had drawn him there, some mystic call brought him to the little village where the long white road sweeps down by the sea on the way to the beautiful bay of Sorrento.

By some unguessed predestination it chanced to be the same village where lived Beatrice Fenestra. Shy and very lovely was Beatrice, and very gentle. She lived with her father alone, and because of her goodness and purity was loved by all in the village. It must have been fate, for from the very first moment that Jim Lawrence saw Beatrice, he loved her.

Jim, in search of a certain little hill and a beautiful bit of landscape, had been directed to the Villa Azzurra, and it was then that he first met Beatrice and her father, Signor Fenestra. Signor Fenestra spoke excellent English, with but a slight trace of accent. He was, Jim learned, a scholar and student of all that was highest in art, literature, music and languages. He held also a position of prominence at Rome. The Villa Azzurra was his haven of rest, to which he repaired, when worn by the world of men, to be among his books and pictures. Beatrice was the delight of his soul.

Fenestra had heard of the young American and took an interest in his work.

Jim grew to love Beatrice with his whole heart and soul. Each day he wondered how he could have lived before without her, so perfect was their love, and to such heights did it uplift him.

So presently there came a day, a golden day of rejoicing, when the village church became the scene of a simple little wedding and every one rejoiced, because they loved Beatrice and had found Jim good. And so Jim held Beatrice as his very own. Signor Fenestra, because he knew his daughter was happy, betook himself to Rome, with a heart very full of a joy poignant as sorrow, leaving the two young people together, at the Villa Azzurra.

Then to Jim life was very, very wonderful. Heaven itself was not to be compared with this. Never were skies so blue, never was the azure sea so brilliant, never had the roses bloomed so profusely, nor the birds sung so sweetly, nor had the moon by night hung so low over the rose-grown walls of the garden behind the villa.

How Jim loved the little walled rose garden, where the cool fountain seemed as the music of reams! The summer evenings spent with Beatrice here were to Jim his whole existence. His days were spent in painting—beautiful pictures, which Jim within himself looked upon and knew were good. Beatrice busied herself at the little household cares. She sang as she worked. Jim loved to hear her sing—little songs of love and hope. She had a lovely, low, caressing voice. To Jim, Beatrice stood for all that was pure.

In those evenings in the little rose garden, they made wonderful plans—plans for Jim and his pictures, plans for their own little home where they would live together. And so the days pass-

ed and Jim learned what a wonderful thing is life; and when he gazed into the deep black eyes of Beatrice, his soul was lost in adoration.. It was happiness beyond words, almost beyond mortal understanding. But it was too marvelous.

Autumn came to the sunny shores of Italy. The roses faded in the garden and the chill winds blew across the Mediterranean. The chill winds struck cold to Jim's heart, for within the Villa Azzurra there had come a change. No longer was herd the gentle voice of Beatrice singing her songs of love; no longer were the rooms bright with her smiles, made cheerful with her flowers. A gray phantom hung by the great oaken bedside. Fever had stricken Beatrice. Pale and wasted she lay there, her great black eyes lighting up her thin oval face, but there was always a tremulous smile on her lips for Jim. Poor Jim, distracted, haunted the bedside. But the Doctor came from the village, and shook his head. There was little hope.

One day Jim paced the garden, for they would not let him see her. His heart too full even for prayer, in anguish his hands clenched. Why must this come upon him? Surely God could not be so cruel as to take her from him.

The next day came and with it Signor Fenestra. "My daughter, my only one," he moaned, "light of my eyes and living image of her pure and blessed mother."

Night came on. Lights shone in the villa, and no one slept. Early in the morning the spirit of the beautiful Beatrice left the earth.

To Jim the world turned suddenly dark. His light had gone out. The Italy where he had loved so deeply had become only a place of remembrance. He could not stand to live longer in the villa where each room, each nook, especially the rose garden, brought back those memories.

It was too hopeless. Without heart, without hope, Jim was in the depths of despair. He prayed God that he might die and be with Beatrice. The world was dead, why should he live?

In despair because he could not remain in Italy, he determined to return to his own native land, to try to escape the torment of familiar surroundings without her.

In America, Jim's one idea was to lose himself in his art, to live alone with the memory of his true love ever with him. But somehow Jim found that he could not paint. He could not work at all; his mind was blank—blank, save for the times when his crushing despair flooded it with memories of those golden summer days, all too short.

Tired, despairing, aimless, hopeless, crushed, Jim Lawrence wandered about the streets of New York, because it was only thus he could relieve his soul.

Over and over the thoughts came to him—"Why had this befallen him? Why had Beatrice died, and he lived? Why might not he die too and be with her." Melancholy claimed him. His life was dark. He could not read, he could not paint. Music only brought to him the reminder of the low, gentle voice of the girl who sang to him the songs of love.

Jim's life was in a fair way to become ruined and useless. A great inertia claimed him. If he had not had some money from an inheritance, he would have had to work, and this might have helped him; but even this spur was lacking.

Then suddenly fate favored him again. There came to him by post a small package and this changed nearly the whole of Jim's life. The package was postmarked in the little village near Sorrento. It was apparently from the Signor Fenestra.

Slowly and with fingers trembling Jim tore open the package, and took out the contents. Into his hand slipped a round miniature in ivory carved with perfect detail. He saw before him the delicate features of his loved one. Tears dimmed his eyes as he gazed at the beautiful face. Long he looked, lost in dreams of his love, and the days when skies were blue and the roses bloomed in the garden of the villa.

But that was not all. The package contained also a volume bound in leather, "Life and Works of Dante." Jim Lawrence knew something of Italy's greatest poet. He had studied in school-days some of his poems, but he remembered them dimly. Therefore he wondered why the Signor had sent them to him.

He opened the book. It was an English translation. The first words that caught his eye were "the beautiful Beatrice." His attention was caught immediately. Then he remembered—Dante, too, had loved a Beatrice.

The next day was cold and dreary, but within his small quarters by his own fireside Jim read on and on. He lost himself in the vivid story of the life of the great poet who suffered so strongly and who had loved even as he had loved, even as he now knew the utter depths of discouragement and despair, who wandered through the world hopeless, even as he did now. The book fascinated him. His own personality seemed to merge into that of Dante. And then he began the greatest of Dante's works, "La Divina Commedia"—Dante's "Divine Comedy." Without stopping he read through the stirring experiences. He *was* Dante—and it was his own Beatrice from whom came the messages of love. He was lost and suffering in the dark wood, the world he lived in. He read on and on to the very end, when, tired he fell asleep.

The next day Jim awoke, his first thought of Beatrice, his second of the book. And then it was that Jim Lawrence suddenly found the light that would lead him out of his despair.

(Continued on page Twenty-six)

EXPERIENCES OF WAR

By Vincent di Martino.

(Prefatory Note.—Vincent di Martino, for the last year a student at Barringer, spent four years as a soldier with the Italian army at the southern front in the world war. He won a medal for valor. But his modesty prevents his relating the circumstances which gained him such an honor. He prefers to tell us of the experiences of his novice days.)

Those who have not been in actual military service during the recent war cannot know, nor have any conception of, what war means. At most they have a limited vision of battles, wholesale massacres, and dreadful suffering, as some of the facts which make up the horrors of war. You have heard it said that during a battle, the mind of a soldier, as one might naturally expect, is not very clear. The tremendous noise from bombardments, the explosion of bombs and the reports of guns, together with the hellish glare of the curtains of fire, are enough to make a poor soldier deaf, dumb and blind. It is very true that, during those hours the soldier cannot visualize nor the least realize just what is happening about him. It is only when the battle is over and everything back to normal that he grasps the situation and fully comprehends what has been done.

An old soldier is accustomed to those sights, to those experiences, but a young one or, better say, an amateur who finds himself in battle for the first time, receives an impression which will stay with him for the rest of his life. Now, I am going to relate the experience of my first battle, and you will then be able to judge if what I stated in the above few lines about that terrible thing which is called warfare is not the truth.

The first day in which I fought against the enemy, I remember as if it were now, was the tenth of September, 1916. The order for the battle had been transmitted to us two days before. Then, during the night, we marched across steep mountains covered with snow and ice. Darkness surrounded us, and it can be easily understood how many ordeals we went through.. The captain had given orders to the effect that we should advance at a fast pace, because we were obliged to reach our destination before the break of day.

I was the quartermaster of my company. I was very tired, yet my conscience compelled me to see my soldiers and to verify the identification tickets. After this work, I closed my books, and, showing them to my captain, I said to him: "Kindly look over these books to see if they are correct, because we don't know what will be our fate to-morrow." The captain, with a sad smile, replied: "It is not necessary, Di Martino, to close them, because you don't come with us. Your work is necessary to the company; you have other matters to take care of. You will stand a half mile behind us to see that none of our soldiers leaves the battle line. If such a shing should happen, I give you orders to fire upon such a person or persons, who would betray their fatherland. Remember"—and he added further in a tone of authority—"remember that obedience must be prompt and absolute in the full sense of the word."

Frankly speaking, as much as I was glad to have the opportunity of being addressed by my commander in that way, I was sad and broken-hearted when I was told that I would not be able to participate with my command in that battle. But realizing that the orders of the captain were to be carried out implicitly, for obedience is the most essential part of the military life, I, with a heart resigned, carried out his orders.

Towards sunset my company, consisting of men who had been in uniform for quite a long time, including a few who were not yet over nineteen, marched along, reaching their destination in due time. By that time our artillery had taken their place, and had begun a fierce bombardment, which lasted all night. At sunrise the following morning the battle started: our troops attacked the enemy and a fierce battle raged for about two days and two nights.

During this time I had had no word from my commander or from any member of my company, so I decided to approach the lines. As I reached the first lines, I met my captain, who urged me to run back to where I had come from, telling me of the happenings of those few days that I had not heard before.

The battlefield was strewn with the dead. I had brought with me four flasks of liquor, so I handed one of them to my captain and the other three to my comrades. Wishing them luck and that God would see them through the battle safely, I left the battlefield to go back to the place where I had been stationed by my captain. At the end of the day I received a message from my commander to the effect that the company had utterly defeated the enemy with great losses. He also added that we had lost quite a number of soldiers, and that he was sorry to state that, among the glorious ones who had lost their lives for the sake of Democracy, was a dear friend of mine.

After the first enthusiasm was over on receiving news of the enemy's defeat, I quickly started to reach the battle line, when another message was brought to me by a soldier sent by my cap-

(*Continued on page Twenty-nine*)

ON THE ALPS

By Irma B. Lutz.

Another clap of thunder! The rain poured down in torrents. By the quick successive flashes of lightning, one could clearly see two figures hurrying along the wet slippery pavements of New York. Yes, undoubtedly, it was the Boy and his friend, Robert.

"I am fifteen now," said Robert, standing a trifle straighter. "To-morrow—just think, to-morrow—father will take me into his office. I am so glad. I have always wanted to be a printer.

What are you going to do when you get to be a man?" He glanced at the Boy casually; but one look, made vivid by a sudden flash of lightning, revealed the Boy, drawn up to his full height, his head thrown back with determination, his black eyes shining. Robert waited for a moment. Then——

"What *are* you going to do?" he repeated impatiently. There was something about the Boy that he did not understand.

"My destination is the Alps," replied the Boy, quietly.

Robert looked at his companion incredulously. but the Boy saw neither his friend nor the storm. He was standing on the side of the Alps, looking down on a great, wonderful sunset in Switzerland.

At first, Robert seemed inclined to believe the Boy. Then, being practical, he laughed aloud.

"Go to sleep a pauper and wake up a millionaire?" he inquired, with mock wonder.

"I am a millionaire already, though."

"Really!" exclaimed Robert in the utmost concern. "You don't say!"

"Yes, I am," replied the Boy. "Look what I've got. Nothing the matter with my five-foot-nine. I am strong, and able to work. And I *shall* work. And some day—*some* day—I shall stand on the Alps."

But Robert had reached his home, and was walking up the driveway.

"Good night," he called. "Sweet dreams. And dreams they are, I assure you."

. . . . . .

The bright sun dazzled the eyes of the Man, as he hurried home from work. His last day at the office! And, indeed, almost his last day in America.

One would scarcely recognize in this Man the strong, eager Boy of fifty years ago. The smooth black hair had turned to a beautiful white; and the shoulders which had once been so square and perfect were now a trifle bent. But the black eyes of the Man were the eyes of the Boy.

As the Man walked slowly down the street, which had changed considerably in the last half century, he remembered that day, so long ago, when he had eagerly exclaimed, "I can work, and I *shall* work, and some day I shall stand on the Alps." And now that day was coming. He had worked, and he was reaping his reward. How often had he been discouraged! But he would then stand, in his imagination, on the Alps; looking down on the marvelous beauty of Switzerland; or, looking past this, to the infinite beauty of God's heavens. Then he would take heart and work with fresh courage.

On the following day, the Man went to the nearest office to obtain his passport. When he had stated his business nervously to the young director, that person looked long at the Man, and frowned.

"Business or pleasure?" he inquired.

"Pleasure."

"Rather late in life to be traveling for pleasure," the young man remarked, studying intently the deep lines in the Man's face, his uncertain step, and his stooped shoulders. The Man's muscles were tense. He scarcely breathed. Surely they would not refuse him a passport now! And he had worked so hard! But, after considerable "red tape," the Man left the office triumphantly, with his desired passport.

Three weeks passed. The Man was in Switzerland. He had packed hurriedly and said good-bye to the great metropolis for the last time. And the steamer seemed so intolerably slow! If he could only hurry it. Then came France! The Man wanted to stay in France for a time; but if anything should happen! No, he must go to the Alps first, and then—perhaps—France. He must be content with riding through that country and hearing the strange, beautiful language. As he passed through southern France, he would weave around the many old castles exciting and romantic tales of long ago.

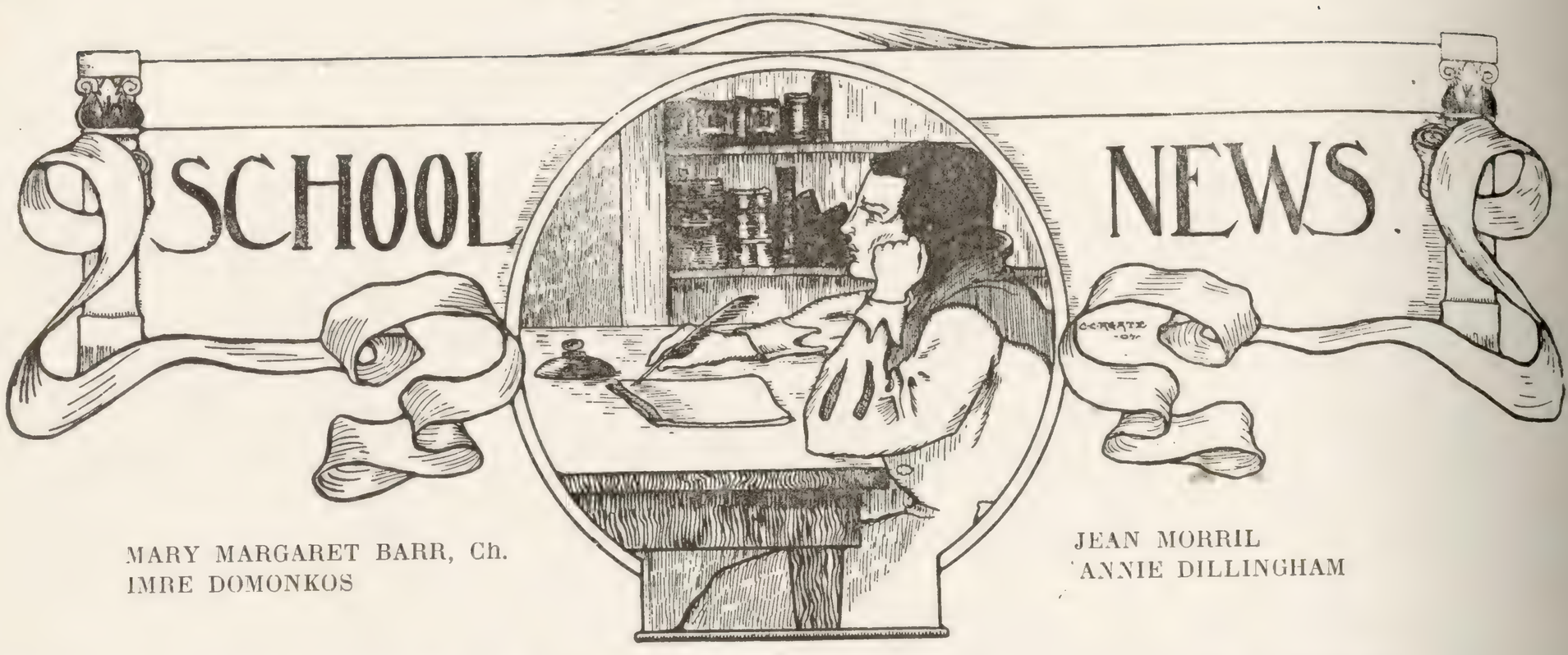
Finally, he stood at the foot of the Alps. How beautiful it all was! Even in his dreams he had not realized the fullness of that beauty. He engaged a guide to accompany him on the climb up the mountain. No, he would not go very far up. Just far enough to see.

The Man was very tired. It had been such a long journey. Had it been worth while? he wondered, as he climbed laboriously, with the help of the guide, up the long narrow road of one of the lower mountains. Many times he stopped, panting for breath. The guide looked anxiously at him.

"This is far enough, I think. See—you can see well from here." But the Man would not listen.

"I shall not turn till I get there—up there," he pointed to a higher point, vaguely indefinite. The

(*Continued on page Thirty-one*)



MARY MARGARET BARR, Ch.
IMRE DOMONKOS

JEAN MORRIL
ANNIE DILLINGHAM

THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, VISITS BARRINGER

Barringer High School was singularly honored, on the afternoon of May the first, by a visit from Signor Vittorio Rolandi-Ricci, highest representative of Italy to America. Our Italian Club had arranged for the reception, and had invited the students from all the other Newark High Schools and High Schools of neighboring towns to share their pleasure in the opportunity to listen to his Excellency, one of the foremost orators of Italy, speak in his native tongue.

The auditorium was arrayed with the American and Italian flags. The platform was fenced with ferns and palms, and banked with dogwood. A bowl of crimson tulips and a vase of starry dogwood on table and piano completed the decorations.

A few minutes before three the guest of honor arrived with his escort and was received by Mr. Stearns in the office. The orchestra struck up the Italian Royal March as he walked to the platform, where he was welcomed by Miss Mancusi-Ungaro, who officiated as hostess for the occasion.

The exercises were opened by the salute to the flag and the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner. All that followed was, in deference to the guest, in Italian. After a few words of introduction by the hostess, Vincent di Martino, speaking for the student body, addressed his Excellency, and, in ringing tones, gave expression to the students' gratitude for his interest in them, and to their pride in being able on this occasion to show their appreciation for him and the nation he represents.

Directly afterwards, Mr. Anthony Finelli, member of the Board of Education, was asked to present his Excellency to us, and in a few enthusiastic phrases he did so, bringing the audience to its feet in impulsive homage to the highest personality in the Italian diplomatic world in America. And again the Royal Italian March saluted him.

Rolandi-Ricci stood and smiled his appreciation. He is well over six feet in height and of substantial build. His head is massive, his features clear-cut. But there are deep furrows in his powerful forehead, and his searching glance is grave and keen. The light of his smile won his audience even before he began to fascinate them with his speech.

He spoke, and spoke on, for fully forty-five minutes, softly, rhythmically, kindly, as if he enjoyed speaking to us. He told of the pleasure he finds in addressing youth, studious youth; of the love he has always had for places of learning, and for the atmosphere of knowledge imparted and imbibed.

And he spoke of the charm and courtesy of America, and of his admiration for her laws and institutions, of his appreciation for her ideals, the very ideals his own country has set unto herself as a goal.

And then he spoke of his beloved Italy, the wonders of her history, the glories of her race: artistic, philosophical, scientific, musical, literary. He told of the economic struggle of modern Italy—the struggle to obliterate all the stains her foreign tyrants have left on her; the superhuman efforts she has made in the brief fifty-one years of her existence as a united nation to overcome the ignorance and moral depression that her naturally gifted people had been forced into by the foreign yokes they bore for centuries.

Has she succeeded? More than seemed humanly possible. Obligatory education has been established, manufacturing and commerce encouraged, universal suffrage achieved. And even when all her resources were imperatively needed for her own development, she took upon herself the burden of championing the cause of the Right in the world war, and not only did her part nobly, but did it surprisingly well. For it was she who first broke the enemy, and made possible the incredibly swift debacle.

Heavily in debt after the war, her people have taxed themselves to the utmost in order to dis-

charge all obligations, and she is rapidly re-establishing her economic welfare.

Proudly Rolando-Ricci declared that Italy and America had fought for identical ideals; that always they had found themselves of one mind on fundamental world issues. The United States was the one country where Italian emigrants could be sure to find a congenial atmosphere for the fostering of the best that was in them.. But they must be sure to obey the laws of their adopted country, without question or evasion. And they must strive to perfect themselves in the new language, but at the same time they must foster their mother tongue and pass it on to their children as the sacred endowment and heritage of their race, a race that has proved itself under all circumstances and in all ages the exponent and creator of all that is best in civilization.

Uncontrollable applause interrupted his Excellency frequently, and at the end there was a sweeping ovation which broke all bounds. Truly had we been impressed by his words.

Flowers were offered him, and then Anselm Martucci, members of the Grand Council of the Italian Club of Barringer High School, begged to present to his Excellency, in the name of the students, a petition to allow them a share in the international scholastic fund that is being raised by the Italy-America Society, in which Rolandi-Ricci and Secretary of State Hughes are so much interested. The Barringer Italian Club had raised almost fifty dollars, and by the co-operation of the Central High Italian Club, were able to offer a check for that amount. The Ambassador thanked us, and smiled his appreciation.

Invited by the hostess to spend a few minutes in the school library and view the new memorial alcove to Dante recently furnished by the Italian Club, he acquiesced, even though the time allotted us had long been spent.

The Dante bust pleased him immensely, and its setting. He remarked it reminded him of a corner in the Gallery at Florence. And he complimented us on the atmosphere of the school and the attitude of the audience, and assured us he had been charmed by all he had seen and heard in Barringer.

His leaving was the occasion for another ovation. Long will the remembrance of his fascinating and cultured personality remain in the consciousness of all who were fortunate enough to see him and listen to him.

The Italian Club may well congratulate itself for its successful reception to him. The audience numbered over one thousand and was distinctly appreciative. Girl members of the Italian Club, robed in white, acted as ushers, and did their duty deftly and well. Not a sound disturbed the speakers, even though the late comers poured in continuously throughout the hour. The boys as guards in the halls and at the doors did splendid work. Anthony Senerchia and his orchestra furnished the music.

ITALIAN CLUB.

The April meeting of the Italian Club discussed and arranged the reception given to his Excellency, Signor Vittorio Rolandi-Ricci, in the school auditorium on May 1. Faustina Rizzolo and Genevieve Weyand took charge of naming the girls, who were to be the ushers.. The program was arranged, and decorations decided upon. Carlo Magno was nominated chairman of the scholarship-fund committee.

The May meeting of the Italian Club heard the reports of the Dante Memorial Alcove Committee. Anna Di Girolamo reported the curtain completed, Peter Rosamilia reported the bust arrived, Anna di Girolamo told of the pictures and material gathered for the exhibit, and Vincent di Martino read the list of books purchased for the alcove. The alcove was to be made ready on the day of the Dante Commemoration Exercises. All the committees were voted sincere thanks for their splendid work.

The members then voted that a greeting and flowers be sent to Ralph Ricciardi, a most active member of the club, severely ill with pneumonia.

THE ROSTRUM.

The Rostrum has held weekly meetings on Thursday in Room 51. The debates held are as follows:

"Resolved: That the United States Senate was justified in ratifying the Colombian treaty."

Affirmative.	Negative.
Bradley	Davis
Sawatsky	Resnick

The decision favored the negative.

"Resolved: That Tennis is a better scholastic game than football."

Affirmative.	Negative.
Boxer	Davis
Blumberg	Hockberg

Decision of Judges—Affirmative 1, Negative 2.

"Resolved: That English is the most important subject in the High School curriculum."

Won by the affirmative.

SCIENCE CLUB.

At a recent meeting of the Science Club "Professors" Haight and Thobieson spoke on the subject "Canned Music," in connection with their new invention. The "Professors" publicly acknowledged Mr. Edison's advice in the construction of their new machine. Those who attended the Science Club meeting were the first to see the machine, which will soon be patented, and, twenty years hence, be in every home. To prove to the audience that the invention is not a fake, our esteemed "Professors" invited the audience to test the new wonder.

Every one present "lined up" and then shout-

ed his own name into a large horn. The "Professors" asked a singer to sing a song or recite a poem. Strange to say, one responded to the call, and recited "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud."

All this "Canned Talk" was reproduced, and every one heard his own voice come out of the horn. Strange to say, all through the performance not one sound was heard that seemed like music. We believe the "Professors" make a slight mistake in naming their lecture, for they meant "Canned Talk" when they said "Canned Music."

"Dr." Roskein, a student of Nostrums and Quackery, enlightened the audience upon the "Great Fraud" which is carried on by Quack Doctors and Quack Medicine Manufacturers. To deceive the public, these medicine men put up signs reading: "I would rather rid the United States of all its suffering and misery than be its President." The poor and ignorant think he is in earnest, and so they buy his injurious drugs. Fortunately, the students of Barringer do not patronize "Quack Medicine Men."

GIRLS' LEAGUE.

The May meeting of the Girls' League, held on May 10, was opened by the President. The Secretary's report was read and accepted. Plans for the June meeting, to be held in the park, were laid before the League. The entertainment for the meetings was in charge of Mrs. Morris of the Good Samaritan Orphanage, who brought seventeen little children who sang and recited many songs and poems. The program was very interesting and entertaining and was enjoyed by every one. The meeting adjourned at twelve-fifteen.

THE MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES.

The annual observance of Memorial Day took place on Friday morning, May twenty-seventh. At that time the Class of January 1913 unveiled a bronze tablet to the memory of William W. Drabble, one of their classmates, who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War.

The president of the class, Mr. William Dempsey, made the presentation speech, in which he eulogized his classmate in a very fitting manner.

Mr. Crosse, a fraternity brother of Drabble at Dartmouth, received the tablet in the name of the school.

ARBOR DAY.

Arbor Day was celebrated at Barringer on Tuesday, April nineteenth. The program was prepared by the students in the department of biology. The first talk was by Laura Edwards, who described the many uses of trees to which man can put them, and what valuable friends they may be to us. A contrast was drawn of the way in which England, France, and Germany cared for their forests and the way in which the United States looks after American trees. We should, indeed, try to raise the standard of our forestry departments.

The art department also played an active part in this program. Robert Castle drew and painted black and white the profiles and leaves of some of our more common trees. These posters will be a very valuable permanent addition to the science department. William Koester described the distinguishing characteristics of each tree. The closing number on the program was the recitation of Joyce Kilmer's poem, "Trees," by Catharine Williams.

THE BUSINESS MEN'S PROGRAM.

The prevailing note in the auditorium exercises on Tuesday morning, May thirty-first, was struck by two prominent business men of Newark.

Mr. E. Allen Smith, a member of the Newark Rotary Club, came to Barringer to present to the school a silver cup awarded us because of our excellent appearance in the Boys' Day parade, which was directed by the Newark Rotary Club. Mr. Smith briefly described the aims of the National Rotary Club in its work for the youth of the nation.

A representative of a well-known accounting firm in Newark presented in a most interesting manner the values of a good education.

FRENCH FELLOWSHIP AWARDED—MARY MARGARET BARR THE RECIPIENT.

Great honor has again come to our High School through its French Department, and, as a consequence, one Barringer pupil will have the time of her life for a year, as a student in a *lycee* in France as the guest of the French Ministry of Public Instruction.

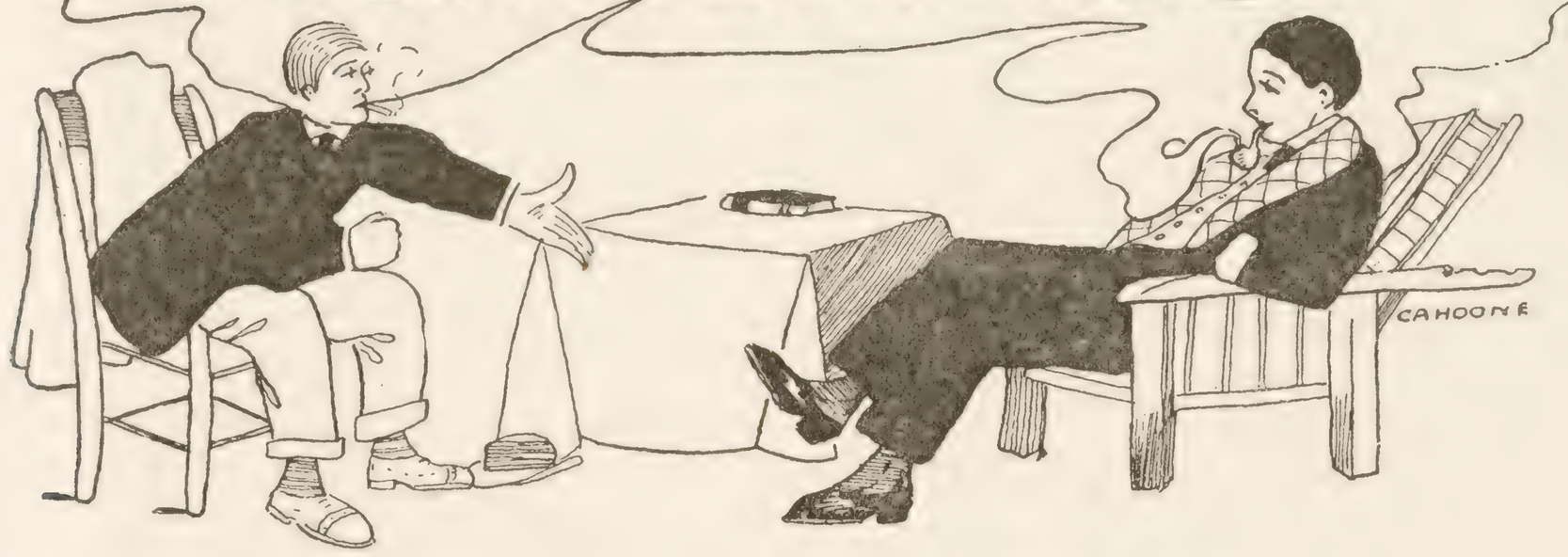
Each year, from among the thousands of American college girls, twenty are recommended to receive the fellowship granted by the French Government for a year's residence and study in some college or school of France. One High School was this year included in the number of American institutions so honored—Barringer—and the girl to win the coveted distinction (to say nothing of the experience) is Mary Margaret Barr. The names of two other Barringer girls had been submitted for consideration.

Miss Barr will leave for France in September, accompanied by her mother. She will take up her studies, probably, in the *lycee* of the city of Tours, in the very heart of the *chateau* region, as an *interne,* and, though receiving many privileges and exemptions, will learn the meaning and the advantages of a heavy curriculum, a long school day, and strict personal discipline such as few American pupils are ever subjected to. And yet—what a prospect for a gloriously exciting year!

Best wishes to you, Mademoiselle la boursiere! Bon voyage! Bon success!

(*More School News on page Twenty-four*)

PERSONALS—



Anne Bishop, Ch.
Robert Mezger

Kathyrn Elkins
Elizabeth De Voe

"SCANDAL."

"Irene" on
"Ladies' Night" went
"Over the Hill"
"Pitty-Patty" to
"The Tavern," where
"The Famous Mrs. Fair" introduced her to
"The Meanest Man in the World."
"One Happy-go-lucky" trip to
"Mecca" on
"The Night Boat" with
"The Bad Man" made the
"Poor Little Ritz Girl" lose her
"Blue Bonnet," and when
"The Guest of Honor" told her it was
"Kissing Time"
"Way Down East," it was necessary for
"Mary" to
"Call the Doctor."
"The First Year"
"The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer" took the
"Opportunity" to
"Tickle Me" and say,
"Welcome Stranger," but
"Three Live Ghosts" came out of
"The Charm School" and frightened
"The Woman of Bronze" into the
"Sweetheart Shop." Then
"The Gold Diggers" lost
"The Treasure"
"Because of Helen," and
"Little Old New York" read
"The Unwritten Chapter" like
"Lightning."

—Ex.

To the gas man it's meter.
To the housewife it's meater.
To the poet it's metre.
And to the fellow it's meet her.

Sponge—I think that a shtreet car hash just pashed.

Wet—How yuh know?

Sponge—I can shee its tracks.

First Teacher—Where'd you get these El Cabbiagios, George?

Second Teacher—Fellow I know in Havana sent 'em to me.

First Teacher—He sure knows the ropes down there, doesn't he?

Miss Coult—You say this theme is entirely the result of your own efforts.

Mankowitz—Absolutely, ma'am. I spent two days finding some one who had written one up.

Kind Italian—Can't I give you some orchids?

Orphan Asylum Matron—Get out of here, you fresh thing!

Resnick—His education is still in its infancy.

Lefkowitz—Yea! It rests on a crib.

At a political meeting a very enthusiastic German made a speech beginning like this:

"My dear fellow citizens and fellow Chermans, I don't want to say noddings about nobody, but look at dem Irish in the Tenth Ward; what haf dey got? Paved streets! Und vot haf we got? Mud! Mud! Now my fellow citizens and Chermans, vot I vish to says is dis: Come, let us put our heads togedder unt make a block pavement."

Teacher—What's the meaning of vortex?

Sidney—Why, that's the extra amount they charge at the movies.

The man who sits on a tack is bound to rise.

Betty—Gee, you've got some crust.
Lizbeth—You're wrong. I'm well bred

Teacher—Notches are small cuts; Johnny, give me a synonym for notches.
Tough 1B—Nix, teacher, nix.
Teacher—Correct!

Dippel—Yep, he has Pullman teeth.
Rodman—What do you mean?
Eddie—One upper and one lower.

Prof.—Students, I am dismissing you ten minutes early. Please go quietly so you don't wake the other classes!

Nell—What kind of shampoo does she use?
Anne—O, that stuff that cleans ivory.

Mr. Saylor—You've had currents for three days. That ought to be enough.
Maggie—I knew a fellow at Sing Sing who had three seconds and that was too much.

Student (translating)—"L' union fait la force" —in onions there is strength.

Mr. Sub Urban—You needn't mind Towser. His bark is worse than his bite.
Mr. Townley (rubbing his leg)—Well, I hope he never barks, then.

SO CONSIDERATE.

Husband—Don't you think, wife, that if I smoked it would spoil the curtains.
Wife—O most thoughtful and considerate husband in the world, of course it would!
Husband—Well, take the curtains down, then.

When a girl of to-day reaches the age of sixteen, she refuses to wear her short skirts any longer.

Our baby Freshmen have one advantage. We can easily place four in one seat and still have room for more.

DESCENT OF MAN.

I proposed
To Fay
One beautiful day
On the white
Chalk cliffs
Of Dover;
I told her
Of my fervent
Love,
But, alas,—
She threw me over.

—Widow.

THE MODERN HIAWATHA.

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
Of the skin he made him mittens.
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside;
He to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the skinside outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

—Masterpieces of Humor.

Will some one please lend the sanctum a c for about a day. A rat has escaped and cann be found. Besides, Kaddie's hair needs it.

Little One Bee—Papa, is it true that there something that can always tell when a man telling the truth?
Father—Yes, Sonny, I married it.

Fortune Teller—You've money coming to y but no sickness.
Client—That's true. I'm the new doct across the street.

Resnick—She's the daughter of a bank pre dent.
Lewitt—No wonder she draws interest.

O. I. C.

Bobby—Gee, I had an awful dream last nig I dreamed I was dead. What do you suppo woke me?
Eddie—Donno. What?
Bobby—The heat.

Father—So you want to become my son-law, do you?
Suitor—I suppose I'll have to if I marry y daughter!

Melita—I thought you could dance.
R—I can, but the music doesn't seem to k time with me.

"Say, Jack, may I borrow your dress suit?"
"Sure, but why all the formality?"
"I couldn't find it."

Irate Customer—I bought a car of you sev weeks ago, and you said if anything went wr you'd supply the broken parts.
Auto Dealer—Yes?
I. C.—I'd like to get a nose, a shoulder-bl and a big toe, then.

Inquisitive Old Lady—Now, do tell me ab your first success.
Wearied Young Author—Well, you see, dam, I was crossing the ocean last summer was a contributor to the Atlantic.—Lampoo

Chew—Ike Newton had the dope when he went to college.

Brockelbank—How's that?

Frank—They say he used to put quicksand in the Prof's hour-glass to shorten the hour.

Polly—I hide my head in shame every time I see the family wash in the backyard.

Helen—Oh, do they?

Anne—Are we to write on both sides or not?

Ed—I can write all I know on the edge.

Beth—He plays by ear entirely.

Janet—Poor fellow! Where did he lose his hearing?

"Do you believe in clubs for women?"

"Yes. Clubs, sandbags, or anything to keep them quiet."—Mugwump.

Many a man's love letters are so rough he has to file 'em.

Don't try to get rid of a girl by telling her you are a sworn bachelor or misogynist. It only makes you more interesting!

Vitale—Say, George, which is the largest theatre in the city?

Spann—Branford, Mike.

Vitale—Sorry, but you're wrong. I think the Broad is the largest, for if you get a seat up in the second balcony you can see "Way Down East."

HE AUTO ANYWAY.

"Poor Percy's chauffeur has quit, and he has to drive his car, now."

"That's all right; he's finding out what it means to shift for himself."—Gargoyle.

Mary—What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?

Jessie—It was built during a famine.

A FLEE-TING THOUGHT.

"There's millions in it," said the inventor, as he scratched his head.—Puppet.

Tall—He seems to have recovered from the jilting his old girl gave him.

Short—Yes! He's been revamped.

IT NEVER FAILS.

Lecturer—Now, when a person is deaf, his sight is more acute, for the law of compensation will work itself out.

Allen (thoughtfully)—I've often noticed it myself, that when a man has a short leg the other is somewhat longer.

More Brains (at piano recital)—What is that charming thing he is playing?

Less Brains—A piano, y' dub.

"This is hard to take," said the burglar as he climbed over the fence with a piano on his back.

Steve—I have only fifteen cents. Will you shave one side of my face?

Barber—Yes, sir. Which side?

Steve—Outside.

Proud Father—My daughter is just learning to toddle!

Ditto—Why, so is mine! How old is yours?

Proud Father—Two; and yours?

Ditto—Nineteen.

Poilu (pointing to salad)—Qu' est que la?

Poiluted—No—not slaw—lettuce.

Edna—This man Finis must have been a great scholar.

Izzy—Why so?

Edna—His name is in almost every book.

"It's a dog's life," said the village butcher as he dexterously measured off three yards of bologna for the lady customer.

"Let me tell you about the dream I had last night."

"Never mind! I saw you with her."

A DRY ONE.

"I call my dairywoman 'Pharaoh's daughter.'"

"How come?"

"Well, you see, Pharaoh's daughter was the one who drew the prophet out of the water."

"I am thoroughly cowed," he groaned after his third glass of milk.

THIS RINGS TRUE.

Ben—My father makes a living giving the public thrills.

Gwen—An aviator?

Ben—No; an alarm clock salesman.—Widow.

AT THE WHEEL.

"What are you stopping the car for?"

"The road book says to turn north and follow the trolley, and now we'll have to wait until one comes along."

Sign in restaurant: "We serve good meals; in fact, you can't get better."

Customer—"That's true. I ate one last week, and I'm not well yet."

George—He threatened to throw me over the cliff, but it was only a bluff.

"So Bob was suspended, eh? From Harvard, I suppose."
"No, from a rope."
"So that's the latest noose."

Tough Detective—I can find anything if I only look hard enough.
Detective—You certainly look hard enough!

I was speaking to my girl and I said: "I have a feeling in my bones that something awful is going to happen." And she said: "Whatever put that into your head?" Do you suppose she meant what she said?

If a man plays with fire just to see it smoke, let him beware that the smoke does not betray him.

Inspection of the writer's skull will substantiate the expression, "Bone-head."

Mary—What makes General Pershing so sick?
Anne—O, things in general..

"Has he proposed to you yet?"
"No, but he has an engagement ring in his voice."

"Well, well, well," said the oil speculator as he took a bird's-eye view of Texas from his airplane.

"The skin you love to touch"—Father's old leather wallet.

Ted—Get us some green ink.
Fred—What for?
Ted—We've got to write on the Irish question.

Mr. Amarell—It is legal for the government to confiscate anything in which they find liquor being transported.
De Voe (aside)—Haw, haw, what if they find some on some fellow's hip?

He—What were you doing last night?
She—Oh, helping dad around the house.
He—Drunk again?

A WOMAN'S WAY.

If at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again.

He—I'm going to be an artist.
She—I'll be your model.
He—Oh, no! Then I'd be a cartoonist.

Traveler—And you live on this prairie all by yourself?
Traveler—Sure! This is a monoplane.

NOT IN NEWSPAPER.

There was a misprint in the advertisement of the Botch Valveless Motor Co. The second v was turned into a u.

Maggie—How do you list money paid to a fortune teller.
Anne—Oh, I put it under prophet and loss.

Mr. Dumm—Since fire isn't material, what is it.
Dippel—It's immaterial.

Marg Margaret—They even canned in the old days.
Pete—Why?
M. M.—I read about the preserved pairs on Noah's Ark.

Harlan—Do you know the candle brothers? They go out together.
Fred—Yea! And those wheel brothers.. They go round together.

Chief—And remember never to run on a full stomach.
Eddie—Whose stomach?

RYE OR——

Bill—I couldn't tell whether it was write bread or black bread when I first saw it.
Harlan—And how could you tell then?
Bill—He made such a wry face.

Perpetual motion's here.
Les, it's come.
Just watch a dainty little dear
Chewing gum.

Bob—That's a swell ankle you've got.
Partington—Yes, I sprained it last night.

If a bald-headed man should have a picture of a rabbit painted on his head, his friends would think he had a hare there.

No fellow's as good as he tries to make his teachers believe he is, or as bad as he tells his girl he is.

Lena—Hasn't he a rich voice?
Edna—Yes, it sounds so well off.

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL RESULTS

Barringer went up to Orange High and took the Orangeites' Golden Tornado team into camp by an 11—3 beating. Malanga and Kelly starred with the willow, while Witt pitched good ball throughout the contest, allowing only four scattered hits. The box score:

		R.	H.	E.
Barringer	2 0 0 0 5 1 0 0 3	11	14	2
Orange	0 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0	3	4	6

Batteries—Witt, Miele; Underhill, Dente.

In a baseball setto in which those "rip-roarin" rivals, Barringer and East Orange, fought for the right to lead the N. J. I. A. A. League, both teams fought tooth and nail for every advantage, but they had to be contented with a 7—7 tie, because the umpire was getting rather hungry. The game was called in the eleventh inning after a spurt by the Barringer team, which snatched victory from the East Orangeites, when it appeared as if they had the game on ice. In the sixth frame the scoreboard read—East Orange 7, Barringer 2—my, how small that 2 looked to the Barringer rooters, and how big that 7 appeared. Then, some real fine hitting and some extra fine pitching brought Barringer within an ace of winning. The lucky seventh went by and still no signs of the tornado that swept East Orange in the eighth and ninth stanzas, when two runs came in and after 9 pitched balls, Barrringer again slaughtered the offerings of Evans for 3 more runs. Then in the tenth and eleventh innings neither team scored. Referee Hood called the game. Box score:

		R.	H.	E.
East Orange	1 0 2 2 1 1 0 0 0 0 0	7	10	4
Barringer	0 2 0 0 0 0 0 2 3 0 0	7	9	6

Batteries—Evans, Wolf; Witt, Miele.

Right after that hard game with our friendly enemies from East Orange came some more friendly enemies from our own fair city. South Side took a 3—2 beating from our men, who swung *some* wrecking bludgeons throughout the ten innings. The box score:

South Side	2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2
Barringer	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 1—3

Batteries—Hawley, Wiener; Witt, Miele.

Barringer next encountered East Side and the latter helped themselves to the slants of our hurler Witt, who was a tired boy. Witt has been used in every game we've played and the work was too much for any pitcher. However, East Side played better ball that day and she scored the most runs, which entitles her to the win. Box score:

Barringer	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
East Side	0 0 1 0 0 3 0 0 x—4

Batteries—Witt, Miele; Tortello, Huerlin.

If ever Dame Fortune, that fickle goddess of Luck, frowned upon a Barringer ball team, at a most inopportune time, it was up in Montclair when the Montclair boys snatched a 1—0 victory from our lads. The breaks, and there were many of them, went to Montclair, even when a sure home run was hit, a sign reading "Keep off the grass," suddenly popped into view and stopped the sphere from rolling into the mountains one-half mile away. Witt baffled the Mountaineers with his assortment of curves and drops. Box score:

Barringer	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Montclair	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1

Batteries—Witt, Miele; Crawley, Dunum.

We wonder why Central gets away with such easy wins over Barringer. Anyhow, Central calcimined our nine with a 10—0 whitewash. "Nuff sed"!

Central	4 0 0 0 0 2 3 1 0—10
Barringer	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0— 0

Batteries—Jacobs, Leamy; Witt, Miele.

Revenge is sweet, some famous person once remarked, and so it is in baseball, too. Barringer took a close decision from the Montclair boys when they outhit, outplay, and outgeneraled them in a pitchers' battle, which ended with Barringer leading Montclair 4—3.

Montclair	0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3
Barringer	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 3 0—4

Batteries—Crawley, Mitchell; Witt, Miele.

Barringer dropped a N. J. I. A. A. game to Dickinson by the score of 5—1. Witt weakened in the eighth and ninth and allowed 2 runs in each inning to come in. Up to then we were holding the Jersey City boys pretty even.

Dickinson	0 0 0 1 0 0 2 2—5
Barringer	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1

Batteries—Barnabas, Galvin; Witt, Miele.

Coach Wood next sent his ball team against Newark Academy and the Barringer players just slaughtered the Academy pitcher's offerings and won, 13—2. Malanga and Eitel were the men who led the blue and white with the stick, each accounting for 3 hits. Eitel smashed one over the right field fence and into the canal for

a homer. Witt held the Academy batters eating out of the palm of his hand.

Barringer	4	0	0	0	3	0	0	2	4	—13
Academy	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	— 2

Batteries—Witt, Miele; Smith, Joralaman.

SPORT SCRIBBLINGS

By Lew Westreich.

It is rather interesting to notice how members of our last year's championship track team are sporting the colors of their newly adopted alma maters on track and field. There's Clarence McKim, for instance, at Princeton, who is cutting some pretty tall capers at the jungletown institution of learning, both in the classroom and on the cinders. "Mac" holds the record of going undefeated in the 100 and 220-yard dashes, in track meetings in which the Princeton Freshman Team has competed. In meets with Lawrenceville, Yale and Harvard, McKim has sprinted the 100 yards in 10 1-5 sec. and the furlong in 22 sec. flat. In the annual Caledonian games, a meet closed to Princeton University students, McKim, although only a freshman, captured the 100 and 220 from members of the Varsity in exceedingly fast time. Some tall stepping, not?

Woostroff is running Varsity on the Lafayette Track Team, along with Tarper, while Kirby up at Cornell is showing his wares in the distance runs. Only recently he ran off with the mile run at the Freshman Dual Meet between the University of Pennsylvania and Cornell University, in 4 min. 28 sec.

Mr. Wood is greatly handicapped this year, because of the shortage in his hurling department. He has molded together a team which has shown great aptitude for playing the national pastime as it should be played in spite of the batch of green material from which he had to choose. Witt is the only dependable pitcher Coach Wood has been able to use, and he is being worked in every game. For a youngster he has certainly gone far beyond what the most optimistic have hoped for. But working in three games a week would wreck a big leaguer. With an opportunity to send one more pitcher in to do relief duty, there is no doubt that Barringer would have had a team capable of winning much more consistently.

Burke Boyce, one time editor of this far-famed periodical, has been elected to captain Harvard's fencing team for next season. Atta boy, Burke—up and at 'em!

Funny how all the Cohens in the city managed to place in the junior shot put event in the city championship, eh? The junior strong boys placed in one, two, three order—with the Cohen wearing Barringer's colors taking the gold medal in this event.

What would you rather do or play golf?—or do you think it is warmer in Newark or in Summer?

You pigskin chasers who have given up cereals for raw meat, attention! We hear that Shredded Wheat has Quaker Oats beaten by Force! Sure!

Judging from those newcomers "who have so recently come among us," Coach Pritchard ought to have a football team averaging about 98 pounds—Ping Pong should prove a popular sport and will undoubtedly take a prominent place in Barringer athletics.

Speaking of football, we're sure that football is the sturdy man's game. If a fellow has red blood in him, this popular pastime will surely bring it out. A referee should be allowed to call a game off on account of bloody grounds.

Football is the one and only sport where you get a letter for assault and battery. In any other game, you usually get a number and from six months to a year.

Important changes which have been especially drawn up to protect the players from unnecessary brutality are as follows: Next season only 3 points will be given for manslaughter and 6 for murder.

No dead men are allowed to leave the field without first reporting to the referee.

Brass knuckles may be used.

Spiked shoes may take the place of the regulation cleated "kicks."

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"Idea," Somerset High School, Somerset, Ky.
"Eastern School Music Herald," Manchester, N. H.
"Orange and Blue," Millville, N. J.
"Aster," Miss Craven's School, Newark, N. J.
"Academy Journal," Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.
"Distaff," Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.
"Normal Leader," Freedonia Normal and High School, Freedonia, N. Y.
"Lal Bagh," Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India.
"Orient," East Side High School, Newark, N. J.
"Oceanic," Old Orchard High School, Old Orchard, Me.
"Peddie News," Hightstown, N. J.
"Alleynian," Dulwich College, England.
"Nassau Literary Magazine," Princeton, N. J.
"Brown Alumni Weekly," Providence, R. I.
"Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn.
"Kansas Industrialist," Kansas State Agricultural College.
"Columbia Spectator," New York..
"Tech News," Worcester, Mass.
"Lehigh Brown and White," Bethlehem, Pa.
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"Pilot." Madison Junior High School, Newark, N. J.
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"Rocket," Ramsey, N. J.
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"On Bounds," Montclair Academy, Montclair, N. J.
"High School News," Paterson, N. J.

"The Pilot," Madison Junior High School.

Keep up the good work, Junior High. Your paper is very complete and well written. Your editorials are fine. The stories show originality. Why not have them arranged in a fiction department instead of scattered throughout the magazine?

"The Owl," Bryant High School.

A well-balanced paper. Your cover design is excellent. Your cartoons advertising the Senior Entertainment deserve especial praise. "Who's Who Column" and "Hoot Man" are original. Why not enlarge your joke department?

"The Rocket," Ramsey, N. J.

You have some fine material in your paper but we suggest a better arrangement. We consider Editorials, Fiction, School News, Personals and Jokes, Athletics and Exchanges a good order. Then arrange your advertisements together instead of scattering through the paper. The article on "The Small School" is excellent.

"The Crescent," Clinton High School, Clinton, N. J.

A very clever little paper! Your Literary Department is especially fine. Keep up the good work.

"On Bounds," Montclair Academy, Montclair, N. J.

Your order is rather mixed. Several new departments will aid the matter of arrangement. Where *do* you get all the advertisements?

"High School News," Paterson, N. J.

An interesting semi-monthly.

"Lal Bagh Chronicle," Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India.

It is quite an event to receive a magazine from so far away as India. Your paper is very interesting, as it gives us a view of life with which we are not familiar. The essays afford especially pleasant reading, particularly those on "Women in the Problems of To-day."

"Normal Leader," Freedonia Normal and High School, Freedonia, N. Y.

Your Spring Number is very interesting, on the whole. The general appearance is fine, due partly to the excellent quality of the paper. The jokes are about the best department, although the athletic activities are also well written up. The editorials might be improved a bit.

"Distaff," Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.

You begin with a good impression. "April" is certainly a pretty, dainty little sketch, and most of the other cuts are well done, too. Your Exchange Editor seems to have a very sensible idea about her column. The school is doing a fine work in helping so many of the Fatherless Children of France.

"Academy Journal," Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

All the magazines are so good this month that it is hard to find new things to say about each one. Your editors certainly have succeeded in injecting a good deal of humor into their articles. The editorial on anvil choruses is splendid.

"The Aster," Miss Craven's School and Prospect Hill School, Newark, N. J.

"Aster," your paper is another of our interesting ones. You haven't so many of the things commonly known as "slams," but you have some material which is worth a great deal more and is of just as much interest.

"The Peddie News."

A lively paper. The appearance and printing are excellent. It contains much interesting news and shows fine school spirit..

"The Attic."

A very interesting paper throughout, which shows fine effort on the part of the board. Your literature is worthy of mention, but the quantity of jokes seems small in proportion.

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THE THALIANS.

The spring evening entertainment of one-act plays occurred this year on Thursday evening, May twenty-sixth. The three plays presented were "Where but in America," by the American playwright, Oscar M. Wolff; "The Dumb Cake," by Arthur Morrison and Richard Pryce, both modern English dramatists; and "A Sunny Morning," by Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero, which was translated from the Spanish by members of the Spanish department here at Barringer. The scenery for all the plays was designed by Mr. Eugene Taylor, a local artist. The whole school joins the Thalians in extending their most sincere thanks to Mr. Taylor for his untiring efforts to make the staging successful.

The first play portrayed our old friend, Fred Frost, as jovial as ever in his part as master of the Espanhayne household, with Ellen Thompson in the role of Mrs. Espenhayne, and Elizabeth De Voe as the very efficient maid, Hilda. We are glad to see these two valuable additions to the active membership of the Thalians.

"The Dumb Cake" had for its keynote an old English superstition as to the best method of obtaining a lover. Kathryn Elkins well showed in her part as Martha Hardy how a girl might think and act under the circumstances. Another Thalian, Henriette Harris, who is new to Barringer's stage, became for a moment a typical inmate of an English almshouse, who gave Martha the directions needed for her attempt to secure a lover. George Haight, of Pilgrim pageant fame, was the one chosen to play the role of Spotto Bird whom Martha was to think the one to answer her prophecy.

The third play was of an entirely different kind. The heroine, Dona Laura, and the hero, Don Gonzalo, were portrayed by Violet Smith and Stuart Blodgett, tried and tested Thalians. The parts of Petra, Senora's maid, and Juanita, Don Gonzalo's servant, were played by Mildred Kirk and Harry Weiss. The meeting in old age of those who had been lovers in youth was at once pathetic and humorous, because of their unwillingness to disclose their identities.

FACULTY NOTES.

At a meeting of the New Jersey Modern Language Teachers Association held the middle of May at Barringer, Mr. Franklin Crosse was elected president of the Association.

Three of our teachers have been granted a year's leave of absence. Miss Patrick and Miss Hewitt are going for rest and recreation. Mr. Milwitzky is to spend the year in study, although he expects to spend a few weeks in Brittany before starting his intensive work.

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BEATRICE

(*Continued from page Nine*)

Dante had gone through Inferno.. It seemed as though he were going through now. But Dante had come from its very depths and climbed upwards. It was by steady climbing only that he had gained the heights of Paradise, and only at the end of much labor had he found again the beautiful Beatrice. Suddenly from the pages of a book had come a divine message from his own Beatrice. Work and climb! He had a goal to strive for now. Beatrice was calling to him to climb up and up—if he would find her at the end. No longer must his mind linger idly upon those past golden days. His whole body and soul had been through torture but his true love would enable him to triumph at last. He must climb and climb and climb—then he would gain at last his beautiful Beatrice whom he loved more than life.

Jim was tried many times in the next years, but he was never discouraged. He could always work. With such tireless effort, it is little wonder that the name of Jim Lawrence soon became known. His pictures were spoken of in the highest praise.

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Harlan—Coats are going up—(on the tops of the clothes closets).

Elizabeth—Ever hear of the wooden wedding?
Harlan—No, what about it?
Elizabeth—Why, two Poles got married .

Teacher—Chasalow, pay attention!
Sam—I'm broke.

Miss Pullin—Fred, what are you going to do now?

Frost (working problem)—I'm going to reduce to a fraction.

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EXPERIENCES OF WAR

(*Continued from page Ten*)

tain. In it there was a long list of dead, wounded and missing. Besides, the captain gave me orders to prepare all necessary papers in as short a time as possible.

I devoted myself to this work with great earnestness. But, the more names I wrote, the more broken-hearted I became. I was alone in a tent lighted by the weak flame of a wax candle; a thick fog prevented us from seing very far. As I wrote each name, I followed the statement in thought to the house of the dead or wounded or missing, picturing the sadness they would carry to many little children, to many young brides, many gray-haired parents sitting silently about the fireplace, as if they had already foreseen the misfortune of their dear ones. And what a wave of despair invaded me when I came to read the name of one of my dearest friends! But notwithstanding all this, I labored all night and early in the following morning I found myself sleeping with my head upon my arms.

Already, behind the battle line, the work of burying the dead had begun. In the order which I received from my captain, he mentioned the fact that there might have been some inaccuracies in the list which he had sent me, and he called my attention to the necessity of verifying the lists. For this reason I attended many burials.

I was alone with that vision of the tragic sight. I knew my soldiers one by one, their character, their daily life. The pain that gripped me was so strong that it staggered me. I don't remember how long it lasted. An old soldier, bringing me an order, spontaneously said: "I know why you are sad; I, too, wept at my first battle, when I thought of my mother, of my wife, and of my children. Now I am accustomed to this life and my soul has lost the softer sentiments of humanity. When you take part in other battles, you will change your present attitude."

This, in fact, was so. Two months later, my feelings were different.. I had power to overcome my sensitiveness, and I substituted in its stead a certain hardness, a feeling of contempt for my life and the lives of others. And in the long months of resistance and struggle, in the hard life of work and fatigue spent among snow and rocks, in the inexpressible sacrifices of trench life, the love of justice and honor embodied by my country guided me as a constant star, and I saw before me victory as in a luminous glory.

When you tell a man something, it goes in one ear and comes out the other; when you tell a woman something, it goes in both ears and comes out of her mouth.

"Hurry, John, there goes your cue."

Stage Chinaman—Don't try to kid me, Jerry; I've got it glued on.

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Fisch—Max who?
Rosenberg—Max no difference.

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Crowe—I have it on the tip of my tongue.
Mr. Dumm—Then spit it out. It's arsenic!

Sunday School Teacher—Now, boys, there is a wonderful example in the life of an ant. Every day the ant goes to work and works all day. Every day the ant is busy. And then——
Willie—Yea, somebody steps on him.

Landlady—I think you had better board el where.
Stude—Yes, I will admit I frequently have—
Landlady—Have what?
Stude—Have better board elsewhere.

He—I wonder what you wear in Heaven?
She—I know what I'll wear if I see you the
He—What?
She—A surprised look.

She—Help! Police! Stop him! He tried flirt with me!
Cop—Never mind, lady! There's ple more.

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ON THE ALPS

(*Continued from page Eleven*)

guide looked intently at the Man, whose face was white and drawn.

"We must stop here," he said, gently insistent. "You can go no farther. See, you cannot walk," as the Man dropped down upon a large expanse of grass and wild flowers. It was late afternoon. "Just in time for the sunset," observed the guide.

The Man was sitting on the grass, facing the west, looking down upon Switzerland. His breath came in gasps. His face was white. But his eyes shone! All his dreams fulfilled, and Switzerland was more wonderful, more beautiful than the wildest of those dreams. He gazed enchanted at the marvelous panorama. He saw the great mountains, rising as sentinels, watching over the valley.

"Look!" the guide said quickly.

Taking his eyes reluctantly from the beauty below him, the Man looked past it, to the west. The sun was setting. The glory of the heavens held him spellbound. The great monarch of the skies was nearing the horizon, buried in pools of gold and fire. The Man lay down, still intent on the beauty before him. He had seen sunsets, beautiful ones. But this! It was the perfection of glory. An attempt to describe that glory is useless. No words exist in our vocabulary, or in any other, which can fully portray it.

The Man grew suddenly weary. He watched the great monarch breathe an evening blessing upon Switzerland; then closed his eyes. This was what he had worked for, dreamed of. He seemed peculiarly content. He gave a long sigh. His face was ashen white. The guide hurried to him. There was no sound. The dark eyes were closed—for ever.

The Man had reached his destination.

History Teacher—How did they travel over the roads in Colonial days?

M. Randall—In canoes.

"My brother takes up French, Spanish, Italian, Hebrew, German and Scotch."

"Goodness, he must have to study a lot."

"Oh, no. He runs an elevator."

Drink Postum.—"There's a Reason."
Drink Home Brew.—"There's a Raisin."

Teacher—George, I'm not going to speak to you again.

Haight—I wish you wouldn't.

Marder (coming in at 8:39)—I didn't oversleep. I was down at the City Hall.

Frost—They never let 'em out till nine down there.

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